

# The Mirror

OF

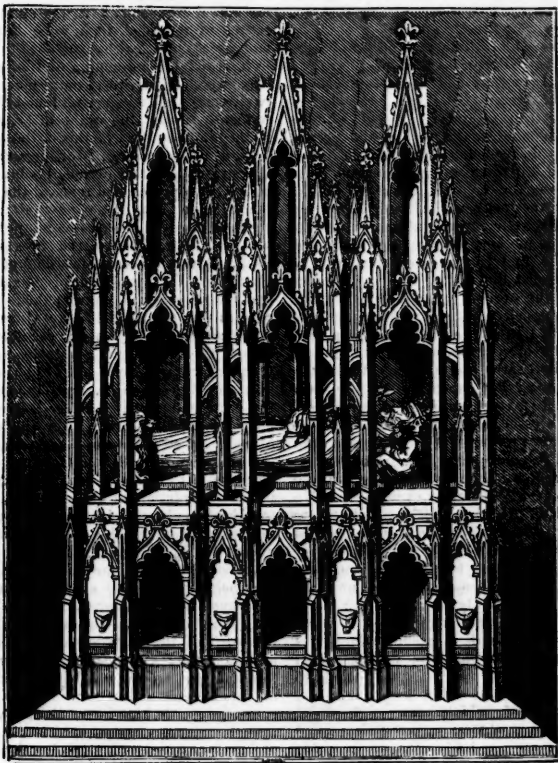
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 865.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1837.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Tombs of the Kings of England.



TOMB OF EDWARD II. IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.\*

### TOMB OF EDWARD III.

**THE** glorious King Edward III. was the third monarch whose body was interred in

\* We have to apologize to our readers for an error in the preceding portion of these illustrations, at page 242 of the present volume: the Engraving therein representing the Tomb of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey, and not "the Tomb of Edward II. in Gloucester Cathedral," as stated in the inscription. The latter Tomb is represented above; the descriptive details of which will be found in pages 241 and 242. The occurrence of such an error is at all times vexatious; but, as this is, to the best of our

VOL. XXX.

2 B

Westminster Abbey: he lies on the south side of the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, within a tomb of marble, on which is his effigy in copper, which has originally been gilt. (*See Engraving at page 241.*)

King Edward the Third, surnamed of Windsor, was the eldest son of Edward II., by Isabella of France, and was born at the Castle of Windsor, on the 13th of Novem-

recollection, the first instance of the kind during the conduct of thirty Volumes, we hope it will receive the indulgence of the reader.

865

ber, 1312. In a Parliament assembled at York, in 1322, he was created Prince of Wales and Duke of Aquitaine. On the formal deposition of his father, he ascended the throne of England on the 25th of January, 1326, being then about fourteen years of age; and was crowned in the following February. The Parliament appointed twelve guardians for the King during his nonage, consisting of five Bishops, two Earls, and five Barons.

By consent of these and of the Parliament, Henry Tortecol, Earl of Lancaster, Lincoln, Leicester, and Derby, as Earl of Leicester, Hereditary High Seneschal of England, (son of the celebrated Thomas Earl of Lancaster, the idol of the people, who was beheaded by Edward II.) was appointed guardian of the youthful king. Such were the nominal directors of Edward's government, while Roger Mortimer, by his close intimacy and influence with the Queen, his mother, was the real. The first act of the first year of his reign, was to march against the Scots, who made an inroad on the borders; in which expedition he was assisted by many Flemings and foreigners. In this expedition was a very remarkable occurrence, by which the King's life or liberty was endangered. While the English army lay encamped on the river Weir, Earl Douglas, with two hundred men-at-arms, crossed the stream at some distance above their position. Advancing at a cautious and "stealthy pace," they entered the English camp. At every challenge of "the fixed centinels," Douglas exclaimed, "No ward? Ha! St. George!" as if to chide their negligence. Each soldier on his post thought this to be the reproof of the nightly "rounds" directed to himself; and thus Douglas and his band passed on until he came to the royal tent, into which, it is said, he entered, and aimed a blow at the sleeping monarch of England, which was warded off by his chaplain, who was slain by interposing his own body as a shield to his liege lord. The King leaped up, and seized his sword, which hung at the head of his couch; the alarm was given, and Douglas made good his retreat, from his bold but abortive enterprize, through the English host, with some loss. Thus nurtured, as it were, in the din of arms, the master-mind of Edward took a turn towards those military undertakings, which subsequently raised the martial glory of his country to the highest pitch.

This expedition terminated by the retreat of the enemy within their own frontier, and the King returned to London. Shortly after an embassy was sent to his ally, William, Earl of Hainault, to demand, on the King's part, one of his daughters in marriage; and the choice fell upon Philippa, the youngest of them all, being scarcely

fourteen years of age. The bride was conducted to England, and the marriage was solemnized at York on February 24, 1327-8, Edward being then only in his fifteenth year. Charles the Fair, his uncle, King of France, now dying, he claimed the crown in right of his descent from Isabella, his mother; his plea being, that, although the Salic law or custom excluded females from the actual government, it had no such operation as regarded their male issue. An embassy was forthwith dispatched to France, to interdict the coronation of Philip de Valois, which, however, took place within twelve days after its arrival; and thus subsequently arose the wars of Edward in France in promotion of this claim.

Until the year 1330, Mortimer ruled the Queen; and, at this period, his luxury, cupidity, and pride, had reached the highest point. The King had now attained his eighteenth year, his eyes were opened, and his high spirit determined to govern for itself. Mortimer was seized in Nottingham Castle by William, Lord Montacute. He and the Queen had thought themselves secure in this stronghold: the Queen every night caused the keys of the castle to be delivered to her by the constable, and kept them under her pillow; but Lord Montacute went to the constable, and demanded, by the King's authority, to be secretly admitted within the fortress, for the purpose of seizing on Mortimer. At midnight, therefore, on the 19th of October, Montacute and his associates repaired, under the previous direction of the governor, to the mouth of a subterraneous passage hewn out in ancient days by the Saxons, which led under the hill and opened into the donjon, or master tower of the castle. Entrance thus being gained, they surprised and seized Mortimer in his chamber, notwithstanding the entreaties of the Queen, who, hearing the noise of the confederate band in an adjoining room, guessing their errand, and thinking her son was with them, exclaimed, in the French tongue: "Fair son, spare, spare the gentle Mortimer!" He was removed under a strong guard to the Tower of London, articles of attainder were speedily exhibited against him, confirmed by the Parliament, and he was adjudged to execution. On the 29th of November, he suffered death, like a malefactor of the vulgar class, upon the common gallows.

Henceforth, the energy and grandeur of Edward's character as a monarch are nobly shown in what he achieved for the arms, the commerce, and the arts of his country. Who that has read our history with attention need be more than reminded of his politic alliances to strengthen his formal claim to the Crown of France, and his opening of the campaign by the siege of Cambray. "Thus commenced the first hostilities by

Edw  
right  
the a  
in ar  
his r  
"Di  
W  
from  
the c  
Duc  
1364  
Win  
nob  
vict  
which  
Blac  
Al  
eline  
the i  
low  
elin,  
rede  
nion  
of al  
in F  
T  
life,  
in 1  
that  
silve  
Alic  
favo  
She  
a to  
King  
the  
Sm  
City  
arm  
led  
A  
deat  
ofte  
He  
cou  
mor  
ing  
thin  
ing  
Per  
not  
of a  
at h  
wai  
his  
Thi

•  
fave  
danc  
defe  
+  
pion  
mig  
uon  
W  
eff  
boy

Edward the Third in prosecution of his right. Edward soon after formally placed the arms of France, the golden lilies *semée*\* in an azure field, in the dexter quarter of his royal arms, and underneath the motto, "Dieu et mon droit."

What a galaxy of glorious deeds trace we from this point—as Edward's espousal of the claims of John, Earl of Montfort to the Duchy of Bretagne, decided at Auray, in 1364: the holding of the Round Table, at Windsor, and the institution of the most noble Order of the Garter: the matchless victory at Cressy in 1346, the active glory of which, however, belonged to the gallant Black Prince, Edward's eldest son.

At length, the sun of Edward's glory declined under a cloud. That vanquisher of the invincible, Death, laid the Black Prince low; and the sword of Bertram du Guesclin, Constable of France under Charles V., redeemed his country's honour and dominion. Towards the close of Edward's reign, of all the English conquests and possessions in France only Calais remained.

The King's character in the decline of life, after the death of Philippa his queen, in 1369,† is not exempt from imputation of that frailty which has so often tarnished the silver honours of the aged head. Dame Alice Perrers was taken into his highest favour about five years after the above event. She was a woman of exceeding beauty. At a tournament held in Smithfield by the King's command, she rode as "Lady of the Sun" from the Tower of London to Smithfield, (the *Campus Martius* of the City), attended by a procession of knights armed for the jousts, each having his horse led by the bridle by a lady.

An interesting description of the King's death-bed is to be found in an old chronicle often referred to by writers of his history. He is therein described "as lying on his sick couch, (his disease unexpectedly assuming a mortal character,) "talking rather of hawking and hunting, and such trifles, than anything that pertained to his salvation;" trusting to the soothing assurances of the Lady Perrers, that "he should well recover, and not die;" who, whilst the King had the use of speech to communicate his pleasure, sat at his bed's head, "much like a dog that waited greedily to take or snatch whatsoever his master would throw from the board." This authority also states, that as soon as

she saw the hand of death was on the King, she took the rings from his fingers, and bade him adieu! All his retainers and dependants also "forsook him and fled." Thus, he lay deserted in his extreme hour by all those who had existed on his bounty, except a single priest of the household, "who approached his bed, and boldly exhorted him to lift up his heart in penitence to God, and implore mercy for his sins." The dying King, touched with this simple, honest address, bursting into tears, faintly ejaculated, "Jesu!" the last word God gave him power to pronounce. The priest continued his admonitions that he would show, by such signs as he still might, his repentance, his forgiveness of his enemies, and his trust in God. He replied by deep sighs, by lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven in prayer, by laying his hand on his heart, in token of forgiveness from his heart of all who had offended him. Then taking the crucifix in his hand, with every sign of love and reverence of Him whose suffering for his sake it represented, he resigned his spirit to his Creator.

The death of Edward III. took place at his manor of Shene, near Richmond, in Surrey, on the 21st of June, 1377, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, he having reigned fifty years and nearly five months. He directed by his last will, dated from that ancient seat of the English monarchs, Havering-at-the-Bower, in Essex, 25th June, 1377, that he should be interred in Westminster Abbey, among his ancestors of famous memory, but without excessive pomp. With this view, he limited the number of waxen tapers and mortaries that were to be placed during the ceremony about his corpse. Few Kings have left behind them a more splendid name than Edward III., who possessed many of the qualities of a great sovereign; as valour, strength of mind, affability, and munificence: as recorded in his epitaph on the verge of his tomb, thus read by Sandford:

*Hic decus Anglorum, flow regum preteritorum,  
Forma futurorum, rex clemens, pax populorum,  
Tertius Edwardus, regni complens, jubileum,  
Invictus pavidus, bellis pollens Machabeum:  
Prospere dum vixit, regnum pietate revixit,  
Arripotens rexit; jam ccelo, Celice Rex, sit.*

The effigy of the King is in grand and simple style. The hair flows over the neck, and he wears the forked beard of the time. The mantle is fastened to his shoulders by a broad band, which extends across the breast. The dalmatic is underneath, gathered in a few broad and beautifully disposed folds. He has had a sceptre in either hand, denoting his double dominion.

We have abridged these very interesting details from Stothard's *Monumental Effigies*, to which valuable work our acknowledgments have been made.

\* Charles VI. of France, in order to mark a difference between the French and English arms, reduced the number of lilies to three, but our Henry V. defeated the intention by doing the same.

† She died at Windsor on the 15th of August, with pious resignation; having requested that her debts might be exactly paid, her donations for religious uses fulfilled, and that her body should be buried at Westminster. A sumptuous monument with her effigy was erected for her by her husband in the Abbey there.

## THE POET'S BIRTHPLACE.

HAUGHTY of Genius! thou hast won  
 A wreath sublime, a glorious dower,—  
 The spirit of thy gifted son  
 Assigns to thee its power:  
 Around thee is a halo thrown  
 Like fabled Cytherea's zone.  
 The Delphian vales of Grecian song,  
 The Arqus of the mind  
 Are blended with the mighty throng  
 With which thou art entwined;  
 A consecrated place thou art,  
 A Mecca to the gifted heart.  
 The clouds of summer weep and die  
 Dissolved in balmy showers,  
 The plaintive winds of Autumn sigh  
 O'er tufts of withered flowers;  
 But Genius leaves a spell behind  
 Which throws its mastery o'er the mind.  
 More beautiful the azure sky,  
 More bright each sapphire star  
 Attracts the pilgrim's pensive eye  
 Who wonders from afar;  
 And why? because thy poet's name  
 Has wafted thee on wings of fame.  
 A magic charm is in the air  
 Where Pastum's roses bloom,  
 And softly fall the sunbeams fair  
 On Virgil's hallowed tomb;  
 For Nature broods o'er every scene  
 Where gods and godlike men have been.

B. B.

## Notes of a Reader.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CITY OF LONDON.

[We abridge the following "more last words" from the *Times* of the 18th inst:—]

Mr. Montague, the clerk of the works, being in attendance with Mr. Herring, the city upholsterer, in the under-lobby, waiting the arrival of her Majesty, a platform covered with crimson carpet, which had been prepared for the purpose, was placed in a projection of the entrance for the convenience of alighting upon. It was soon observed that most of the Royal carriages in her Majesty's suite drew up short of this platform, and when the state carriage and eight horses came up the distance was increased. In this dilemma, Mr. Montague suggested that one of the crimson Vaticans which surrounded the lobby might be used with advantage. This was immediately acted upon; the cloth was down in an instant, and Mr. Herring, with one of his assistants, had just time to spread it under the steps of the Royal carriage, and thus prevented her Majesty from stepping upon the wet gravel. It was observed next day that the mark of gravel was upon the Queen's footstool, and inquiry having been made by those who apprehended that her Majesty's shoe might not have been adequately protected from the sand at the entrance of the hall, it was found that there had been a sort of contest for the use of the throne and footstool, and that the latter was soiled in the struggle. It was shortly after the Queen stepped upon the Vatican that one of the up-

holsterers, in regulating the crimson drapery, used as stated, discovered a diamond which fell from her Majesty's dress on alighting. The diamond was immediately returned to one of the pages, who gave the finder 5s. for his honesty and trouble.

The committee were most persevering in their search after wines of the first quality for the Royal table. Whatever opinion her Majesty might have formed of the wines which she sipped, there was one at the Royal table whose judgment was worth a good deal, and he did not hesitate to let it be known. As his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was descending the steps into the hall, on the Queen's departure, he said on shaking hands with one of the members, "What fine jolly fellows you citizens are. I have been drinking sherry upwards of 100 years old, and if I had known that we should have waited so long for her Majesty's carriage, I would have had part of another bottle."

When the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge were passing through the hall to their carriage, the Duchess spoke to Lord Hill, who stood near her Grace at the bottom of the steps leading from the avenue of the drawing-room to the hall, and behind whom stood the Duke of Wellington. She then caught a glimpse of his Grace, and holding out her hand said, "Ah, Duke, I am glad to see you." The Duke took the hand, and bowing most respectfully kissed it.

There were three bills of fare most splendidly printed on white satin, with deep gold fringe and decorations, placed on the Royal table. Two of these were intended for her Majesty, and one for the museum of the city library. After the departure of the Queen, a person in the dress of a gentleman took that which had been placed before the Queen, stating that he claimed it as the perquisite of the Lady Mayoress. It was afterwards ascertained that the Lady Mayoress never authorized anybody to make any such claim, and inquiry was immediately set on foot to ascertain who the person was who had acted in so extraordinary a manner. The committee, we believe, have not ascertained the fact, but they trust that the exposure will render the bill of fare, thus improperly obtained, of no use as a curiosity to the present possessor.

## The Royal Table.

The public have been admitted by cards by Messrs. Bleadon, of the London Tavern, to view the splendid, gold plate and the ornaments with which the Royal table at the banquet in Guildhall was decorated. The plate, &c., was arranged in one of the rooms of the London Tavern upon a table of the same dimensions as that used by the Queen and the members of the Royal Family. In order to form an adequate notion of the magnificence of these things they must be seen,

as any written description can hardly convey a just estimate of their beauty and costliness.

Amongst the most superb pieces of gold plate are a large dish, upwards of a foot and a half in diameter, and two smaller ones, on which are represented in alto relief a boar and a tiger hunt. There are several elegantly formed baskets for fruit, supported by Caryatides. The wine-coolers are of various patterns: some are of burnished gold, encircled with wreaths in dead gold, others of a more massive appearance, entirely of dead gold. Two superb old plates of gold, having the arms of France quartered with those of England on them, but without the arms of Hanover, were lent by the Goldsmiths' Company, and from these the Queen herself ate. A circular plateau, with gold mountings, and having the figures of the Graces, in alabaster, supporting a flower-basket, is amongst the most elegant of the ornaments; and near is a flower-basket, upheld by the three Graces, in gold. Two rose-water dishes, of large size, in gold, on which are depicted, in alto relief, the Rape of Europa and the Birth of Cupid, are noble specimens of elaborate workmanship and gorgeous munificence; and two ewers for rose-water, designed after that said to have been made for Louis XIV., and known in this country by the names "Wine," and "Water," are very beautiful. The one is sylvan, the other marine. There is a very superb plateau on the table, having in the centre an altar-shaped base, surmounted with a representation of the regalia of England, beautifully modelled, and representing in miniature every ornament used at the coronation. The candelabra are numerous; one in particular, with six branches, supported by sphinxes, and supporting on the branches Cupids with cups in their hands, ought not to be overlooked. An enormous wassal-bowl of pure gold embossed with fruits and flowers, and bordered with shells, an elaborate piece of workmanship of the Cellini school, excited the admiration of every spectator; and near it was a cup large enough to hold a quart of wine, and once the property of James I. It is a curious relic of antiquity, elaborately ornamented with curious devices; there are the arms of England, with the supporters; over the unicorn is an eagle. In another compartment is a boar, beneath which is a porcupine. There are also two griffins, and a figure of a cock holding a horseshoe in his mouth: around the top of this curious vessel is the following legend:—"Let the milk of the goats be sufficient for thy food, for the food of thy family, and for the sustenance of thy mayds." The date is 1610. An antique ewer, of the most exquisite design and workmanship, and "rough with rising gold," was at this part of the table; the shape is Etruscan; the handle is formed by a sitting figure holding a branch, in the leaves of which a

Cupid is sporting; the reliefs represent Olympus, and a feast of the deities of ancient Greece. Nothing can surpass this vase. It is of the purest gold, but

"————— Materiam superabat opus."

Of the plates, knives, forks, spoons, &c.; of the coffee cups, saltcellars, all gold, it will be unnecessary to speak; they are all most costly and superb. The tablecloth, the "nappery" of the finest damask, edged with imitation bullion lace. The bill of fare of the Queen was of white satin, with real bullion lace, an article which her Majesty presented, through Lady Mulgrave to the Lady Mayoress.

#### THE ROYAL ARTILLERY COMPANY,

Who attended as a guard of honour to her Majesty, and who are commanded by the Duke of Sussex, were in the Guildhall-yard during the whole of the day, and until her Majesty, who did them the honour to notice them as they stood presenting arms, retired, was formed from the Guild of St. George, which was instituted in the reign of Edward I. They were also known as the Archers of Finsbury; and Henry VIII., in the 34th year of his reign, incorporated them, and granted them the first charter. His signature is on the great book of the company, as well as that of all subsequent monarchs. The sovereign or heir apparent has usually been the Captain-General of the Company. Queen Anne appointed her husband, Prince George of Denmark, to that office; and George I., George II., and George IV. held that rank. George IV., when Prince of Wales, accepted the command, which gave him the rank of a General, although in the regular army he was only a Colonel. His late Majesty William IV. was graciously pleased to accept the title of Captain-General, and Queen Victoria, upon ascending the throne, promoted the Duke of Sussex to the same rank, his Royal Highness having previously held that of Colonel in the same corps. Peculiar privileges and exemptions were conferred upon the Artillery Company by Henry VIII. The Company have been in former times in active duty. In the reign of Elizabeth they had garrisoned Tilbury Fort at the period of the menaced Spanish invasion, and during the civil wars of a later date they were engaged in many of the battles, as is described by Clarendon and other authors. The last time they were in active service was during the riots of London, when they saved the Bank of England from the fury of the populace; but since that time, whenever any civil disturbances have been apprehended, they have invariably been summoned to hold themselves in readiness at their headquarters, the Artillery-ground, Finsbury. This volunteer corps has always supported itself

from its own resources, without having ever been chargeable to the government or the country.—*Times*.

## The Baturalist.

### THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

SOME months since I was one of a party who saw the peculiar process by which the boa constrictor tribe take their food. Three serpents were produced by an individual who makes their exhibition his livelihood: one, however, alone would feed, for the others were changing their skins, at which period they are very sickly and languid. They also at this time become blind, from the cuticle, or outer skin, which in the serpents is continued over the surface of the eye, becoming opaque in the process of desquamation. Nevertheless, the largest, (which was nine feet in length,) repeatedly bit the head of the holder, who, by pinching and irritating him, endeavoured to excite him to attack two rabbits, which had been provided for him.

It is a common idea, and very generally believed, that these serpents have the power of fascinating animals by their gaze. There certainly is a glare in their eyes which is very striking; but its effect was quite lost upon these rabbits, who hopped about between, and even upon the serpents, in a most unconcerned manner, apparently quite devoid of fear. Presently, one boa, (who, we were informed, had been four weeks without food,) after watching the motions of a rabbit for some minutes, made a spring, seized him by the nose, and with the rapidity of lightning involved him in his folds. By reason probably of his tail not being attached to any point of support, the serpent seemed unable to put forth his powers; for after retaining the rabbit in his grasp about five minutes, he slowly uncoiled himself, leaving the poor animal but little the worse for its embrace. It is by many writers stated that the boa constrictor is in the habit of licking his prey all over previously to attempting to swallow it; now the above serpent did nothing of the kind, but commenced the process of deglutition immediately, beginning at the head, which he gradually sucked into his mouth.

By a beautiful provision of nature, the ligaments of the jaws in these reptiles are so elastic, as to admit of a vast degree of extension, and immediately to recover their natural dimensions on the extending cause being removed. The head of the rabbit then being completely within the serpent's mouth, the legs presented an obstacle, requiring some time to be surmounted; twenty minutes having elapsed before they had disappeared. After that, the process went on more rapidly, and the whole animal was

swallowed in seven minutes longer. It was curious to observe how little the serpent's neck was distended; for no one looking at it would have supposed it had a full-grown rabbit in its interior; but we could distinctly trace its progress downwards into the stomach. The scene was altogether extremely disagreeable, but was withal curious.

W. W. C.

### THE UPAS, OR POISON TREE OF JAVA.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. H. SYKES, F.R.S.

THERE are very few popular beliefs of any duration, however extravagant or incredible, that cannot be traced to some foundation in truth, however much distorted by ignorance, superstition, or folly; and we have a remarkable instance of this in the celebrated Upas, or Poison Tree of Java, whose shade was believed to extinguish life in the unhappy beings who sought refuge under it. It was stated to be in a valley in the interior of Java, but it was surrounded with so many terrors, that its exact locality was not likely to be well defined or understood; and in this uncertainty originated the fables which have so long been before the public. I am indebted to Sir Charles Forbes, for a copy of a letter addressed to the late W. Taylor Money, Esq., Consul-general at Venice, from a gentleman who visited the Guwo-Upas, or Poisoned Valley, near Batur, in Java, on the 4th of July, 1830. I understand that the letter has appeared in print, but I have not seen it; and I deem it necessary to incorporate it in the present paper, to facilitate the comparisons and deductions I purpose making. A perusal of it will, I presume, afford satisfactory reasons to conclude, that in this deadly spot originated the belief in the Poison Tree, the mistake of the mephitic vapour escaping from vegetation, rather than from the soil, being natural and probable. The writer of the letter is a gentleman of the name of Loudon, an Englishman, but a landholder in Java, well known to Doctor Horsfield, and full reliance may be placed on the accuracy of his descriptions. He is disposed to question the resemblance between this Valley of Death and the Grotto del Cane, near to Naples; but I will endeavour to show that the difference is only in the physical features of the localities, and that the probability is, that the effects described originate in precisely similar causes.\* Dr. Horsfield informs me that he was at Batur in 1815 and 1816, and aware of the vicinity of the poisonous valley, but the natives refused to conduct him to it.

Without having visited the spot myself, from the simple perusal of Mr. Loudon's description, I would not hesitate to say that the Poisoned Valley is a volcanic crater, in which

\* For the Substance of Mr. Loudon's Letter, see *Mirror*, vol. xix. p. 6.



the igneous action is latent; and the noxious vapour is carbonic acid gas, produced in a manner made perfectly intelligible, by extracts which I shall give from the Abbate Domenico Romanelli's "*Viaggio a Pompeii*," &c. Mr. Loudon speaks of the absence of any smell of sulphur, and the want of any appearance of an eruption having taken place; but that there are craters at no great distance. This is precisely the case at the Grotto del Cane; but Mr. Loudon by his description gives a lively idea of his having ascended a volcanic cone, and finding a crater at the top; a precipitous ascent for more than a quarter of a mile (about 500 yards), terminated by an oval valley, with a diameter of about 300 yards, surrounded by a precipitous ledge, not more than thirty-five feet deep. Many such craters may be seen in Italy, and elsewhere. It will not be any objection to this valley being a crater, that the ground appeared to be of a hard, sandy substance; for myself and several friends walked at the bottom of the crater of Vesuvius, within a month previous to the eruption of 1822. The effects of the experiments tried by Mr. Loudon with the dogs, are exactly such as are produced at the Grotto del Cane; but from the length of time the dogs continued to breathe, one eighteen minutes, and the other seven minutes, (after walking to where his companion lay), I should doubt whether the noxious gas is in so concentrated a state in the Guvo Upas Valley, as in the Grotto del Cane, particularly as the scarp of the valley is lined with vegetation close down to the bottom; for though carbonic acid gas is necessary to vegetation, yet in an undue proportion, it is as injurious to vegetable as to animal life. The first dog put in was fourteen seconds before he fell senseless; but at the Grotto del Cane, Doctor Pasquale Panvini, who tried the gas upon himself, was obliged to desist in *ten* seconds, from approaching suffocation. It appears that Mr. Loudon and his friends remained two hours in this valley of death without detriment, and within eighteen feet of the stratum of carbonic acid gas, which, from its great weight compared with atmospheric air, the former being 1,526 to 1, was lying upon the bottom of the valley. Judging from the depth of the stratum in the Grotto del Cane, which, according to Abbate Romanelli, does not exceed a palm, (palmo, a span,) I should have inferred that they might have approached very much nearer, and safely satisfied themselves whether the gas were carbonic acid, by well-known tests; acidulating a tumbler of water, and trying its effects upon litmus-paper, syrup of violets, lime water, extinguishing a light, &c.

Dr. Mead, who describes the Grotto del Cane, does not mention the exact height of the gas; but says, "It has this remarkable

difference from common vapours, that it does not, like smoke, disperse itself into the air, but quickly after its rise falls back again, and returns to the earth; the colour of the sides of the grotto being the measure of its ascent: for so far the sides are of a darkish-green, but higher, common earth. And as I myself found no inconvenience by standing in it (the grotto), so no animal, if its head be *above this mark*, is the least injured; but when, as the manner is, a dog, or any other creature, is forcibly kept below it, or by reason of its smallness, cannot hold its head above it; it *presently* loses all motion, falls down as dead or in a swoon, the limbs convulsed and trembling, till at last no more signs of life appear, than a very weak and almost imperceptible beating of the heart and arteries; which, if the animal be left a *little longer*, *quickly* ceases too; and then the case is irrecoverable: but if snatched out and laid in the open air, it soon comes to life again, and sooner if thrown into the adjacent lake."

The newspapers of the last fortnight have given two melancholy instances of the death of several persons from carbonic acid gas, resulting from burning wood or coals in close rooms; and in the case of three of the parties, it is supposed, had they not slept on the *floor*, their lives would not have been endangered; as the pan of coals had been removed before they went to sleep, and had not been very long in their cell in the prison in which they were confined.

With the Abbate Romanelli's book in my hand I have visited the Grotto del Cane, and witnessed the effects upon dogs described by Dr. Mead, corresponding in fact to the effects detailed by Mr. Loudon, in the Poisoned Valley, and I will now proceed to the explanation of the phenomena, given by Dr. Pasquale Panvini, an able chemist, and friend of the Abbate D. Romanelli. He considers that sulphur, a volcanic product, being in constant contact with water, a decomposition of the latter takes place, and the result is sulphuric acid, which acting upon carbonate of lime, by its greater affinity for lime than carbonic acid, drives off the latter in the gaseous form, and it rises through the Grotto del Cane. All that is wanted is sulphur, water, and carbonate of lime, under certain combinations, and all these requisites are plentiful in the neighbourhood of the Grotto del Cane. Why the gas should make its escape through one aperture only, in a surface riddled by volcanic action, is not quite so explicable; but that it has continued in the same state for seventeen or eighteen hundred years, is attested by the Abbate Romanelli's quotation from Pliny, "*Scrobs Charonea mortiferum spiritum exhalans.*"†

To me it appears, that the only difference

• Rees's Cyclopædia, article, Grotto del Cane.

† Pliny, lib. 2. cap. 93.

between the Grotto del Cane and the Poisoned Valley is, that in Italy carbonic acid gas issues from a small cave, and in Java it issues from a crater at the top of a hill. Both localities are closely associated with volcanic action, and the noxious gas produces similar effects in both places. It remains to be shown whether or not the laboratory of Nature in Java supplies the constituents for a similar chemical action to that going on near Naples, as explained by the Abbate Romanelli.—*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society.*

### Manners and Customs.

#### FEMALE HEAD-DESS IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 334.)

In the periodical papers of the middle of the last century, there are many observations made on the fashions of ladies' head-dresses, a few of which are subjoined.

In the *World*, (1753,) is a letter condemning the ladies for wearing their hats in the church during divine service, as transgressing against the laws of decency and decorum.\*

In the same work (No. 39,) is a letter de-

\* This is a strange contradiction to the rule so universally allowed from the earliest times of the Apostles, of the propriety of women being covered in churches, an allusion to which we find in Bingham's *Antiquities of the Christian Church*, (vol. v., 267) that the men "prayed with the head uncovered, according to the Apostles' direction, as esteeming it a great indecency to do otherwise."

Again, in the arraignment of Anne Turner, at the King's Bench, in 1615, on the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, "the Lord Chief Justice told her that women must be covered in the church, but not when they are arraigned, and so caused her to put off her hat; which done, she covered her hair with her handkerchief, being before dressed in her hair, and her hat over it."

scribing the bad taste of a lady who has "a most disconsolate length of face, which she makes absolutely frightful, by wearing the poke of her cap quite back to her poll."

No. 66 speaks of caps from the size of a China plate having dwindled away to the breadth of half-a-crown, and then entirely vanished. Again,

In No. 88, "they wear no cap, and only substitute in its room a variety of trumpery ribbons, tied up with no other propriety than the present fit shall happen to direct."

The *Connoisseur*, No. 36, (1754,) mentions that "of all the branches of female dress, no one has undergone more alteration than that of the head. The long lappets, the horse-shoe cap, the Brussels-head, and the prudish mob, pinned under the chin, have all of them had their day. The present mode has rooted out all these superfluous excrescences, and in the room of a slip of cambric or lace, has planted a whimsical sprig of spangles or artificial flowrets," &c. And, again, "if the caps have passed through many metamorphoses, no less a change has been brought about in the other coverings contrived for the head. The diminutive high-crowned hat, the bonnet, the hive, and the milk-maid chip hat, were rescued for a time from old women and servant-girls, to adorn the heads of the first fashion. Nor was the method of cocking hats less fluctuating, till they were, at length, settled to the present mode: by which it is ordered, that every hat, whether of straw or silk, whether of the chambermaid or mistress, must have its flaps turned up perpendicularly both before and behind. If the end of a fine lady's dress was not rather ornamental than useful,



1730

(Fashionable Hats,  
1784.

1779.)



we should think it a little odd, that hats, which seem naturally intended to screen their faces from the heat or severity of the weather, should be moulded into a shape that prevents their answering either of these purposes: but we must, indeed, allow it to be highly ornamental, as the present hats worn by the women are more bold and impudent than the broad-brimmed staring Kevenhullers worn a few years ago by the men. These hats are decorated with two waving pendants of ribband, hanging down from the brim on the left side," &c.

No. 77, mentions a female wearing "a hat smartly cocked up behind and before, in Broad St. Giles's," &c.

The annexed cut shows three specimens of Hats from Mr. Repton's illustrations; the first from a family portrait, and the remaining two from the sketches by Mr. Repton's father.

### The Sketch-book.

THE YELLOW DOMINO.  
(Concluded from page 337.)

"SLAVES of the ring, you have done my bidding at all events, this time," thought I, and I looked at the ring more attentively. It was a splendid solitaire diamond, worth many hundred crowns. "Will you ever find your way back to your lawful owner?" was the question in my mind when Albert made his appearance in his violet-coloured domino.

"'Twas imprudent of you to send me the paper by the black domino," said he hastily. "Did I not tell you that I would be here in an hour? We have not a moment to spare. Follow me quickly, and be silent."

I followed—the paper which Albert referred to needed no explanation; it was, indeed, the only part of the whole affair which I comprehended. He led the way to about three hundred yards of the path through the wood. "There," said he, "in that narrow avenue you will find my faithful negro with his charge. He will not deliver it up without you show him this ring," and Albert put a ring upon my finger.

"But Albert"—my mind misgave me—Albert never had a faithful negro to my knowledge. It must be some other person who had mistaken me for his friend. "I am afraid——"

"Afraid—let me not hear you say that. You never yet knew fear," said he, interrupting me. "What have you to fear between this and Pisa?—Your own horses will take you there in three hours. But here's the packet which you must deliver yourself. Now that you know where the negro is, return to the palazzo, deliver it into his own hands, requesting his immediate perusal. After that do not wait a moment, but hasten here to your charge.

While the grand duke is reading it, I will escape with Viola."

"I really cannot understand all this," said I, taking the packet.

"All will be explained when we meet at Pisa. Away, now, to the grand duke—I will go to the negro and prepare him for your coming."

"But allow me——"

"Not a word more, if you love me," replied the violet-coloured domino, who, I was now convinced, was not Albert; it was not his voice—there was a mystery and a mistake; but I had become so implicated that I felt I could not retreat without sacrificing the parties, whoever they might be. "Well," said I, as I turned back to the palazzo, "I must go on now; for, as a gentleman, and a man of honour, I cannot refuse. I will give the packet to the grand duke, and I will also convey his treasure to Pisa—confound this yellow domino." As I returned to the Palazzo, I was accosted by the black domino.

"Milano," replied I.

"Is all right, Felippo?" said he, in a whisper.

"All is right, signor," was my answer.

"Where is he?"

I pointed with my finger to a clump of orange trees.

"And the paper and packet?"

I nodded my head.

"Then you had better away—I will see you to-morrow."

"At the old place, signor?"

"Yes," replied the black domino, cutting into a cross-path, and disappearing.

I arrived at the Palazzo, mounted the steps, forced my way through the crowd, and perceived the grand duke in an inner saloon, the lady who had accosted me leaning on his arm. It then occurred to me that the grand duke had an only daughter, whose name was Viola. I entered the saloon, which was not crowded, and walking boldly up to the grand duke, presented the packet, requesting that his highness would give it his immediate attention. I then bowed, and hastened away, once more passed through the thronged hall, and gained the marble steps of the Palazzo.

"Have you given it?" said a low voice close to me.

"I have," replied I; "but, Signor——"

"Not a word, Carlo, hasten to the wood, if you love me;" and the violet-coloured domino forced his way into the crowd which filled the hall.

"Now for my journey to Pisa," said I. "Here I am, implicated in high-treason, in consequence of my putting on a yellow domino. Well, there's no help for it." In a few minutes I had gained the narrow avenue, and having pursued it about fifty yards, perceived the glaring eyes of the

crouched negro. By the starlight I could just distinguish that he had a basket, or something like one before him.

"What do you come for, signor," said the negro, rising on his feet.

"For what has been placed under your charge; here is the ring of your master."

The negro put his fingers to the ring and felt it, that he might recognise it by its size and shape.

"Here it is, signor," said he, lifting up the basket gently, and putting it into my arms. It was not heavy, although somewhat cumbersome from its size.

"Hark, signor, there is confusion in the Palazzo. You must be quick, and I must not be seen with you;" and away darted the negro like lightning through the bushes.

I also hastened away with the basket, (contents unknown,) for it appeared to me that affairs were coming to a crisis. I heard people running different ways, and voices approaching me. When I emerged from the narrow avenue, I perceived several figures coming down the dark walk at a rapid pace, and seized with a sort of panic, I took to my heels. I soon found that they were in pursuit, and I increased my speed. In the gloom of the night I unfortunately tripped over a stone, and fell with the basket to the ground; and then the screams from within informed me that the treasure intrusted to my safe keeping was a child. Fearful that it was hurt, and forgetting, for the time, the danger of being captured, I opened the lid and examined its limbs, while I tried to pacify it; and while I was sitting down on my yellow domino, thus occupied in hushing a baby, I was seized by both shoulders, and found myself a prisoner.

"What is the meaning of this rudeness, signors?" said I, hardly knowing what to say.

"You are arrested by order of the Grand Duke," was the reply.

"I am arrested—why—I am an Englishman."

"That makes no difference; the orders are to arrest all found in the garden in yellow dominoes."

"Confound the yellow domino," thought I, for the twentieth time, at least. "Well, signors, I will attend you; but first let me try to pacify this poor, frightened infant."

"Strange that he should be found running away with a child at the same time that the Lady Viola has disappeared," observed one of my captors.

"You are right, signors," replied I; "it is very strange; and what is more strange is, that I can no more explain it than you can. I am now ready to accompany you. Oblige me by one of you carrying the basket, while I take care of the infant."

In a few minutes we had arrived at the Palazzo. I had retained my mask, and I was conducted through the crowd into the saloon into which I had previously entered when I delivered the packet to the grand duke.

"There he is! there he is!" was buzzed through the crowd in the hall. "Holy Virgin! he has a child in his arms! *Bambino bellissimo!*" Such were the exclamations of wonder and surprise as they made a lane for my passage, and I was in the presence of the grand duke, who appeared to be in a state of great excitement.

"It is the same person!" exclaimed the duke. "Confess, are you not the party who put a packet into my hands about a quarter of an hour since?"

"I am the person, your highness," replied I, as I patted and soothed the frightened child.

"Who gave it to you?"

"May it please your highness, I do not know."

"What child is that?"

"May it please your highness, I do not know."

"Where did you get it?"

"Out of that basket, your highness."

"Who gave you the basket?"

"May it please your highness, I do not know."

"You are trifling with me. Let him be searched."

"May it please your highness, I will save them that trouble if one of the ladies will take the infant. I have received a great many presents this evening, all of which I will have the honour of displaying before your highness."

One of the ladies held out her arms to the infant, who immediately bent from mine toward her, naturally clinging to the other sex as its friend in distress.

"In the first place, your highness, I have this evening received this ring," taking off my finger the one given by the party in a violet-coloured domino, and presenting it to him.

"And from whom?" said his highness, instantly recognising the ring.

"May it please your highness, I do not know. I have also received another ring, your highness," continued I, taking off the ring given me by the black domino.

"And who gave you this?" interrogated the duke, again evidently recognising it.

"May it please your highness, I do not know. Also this stilette, but from whom, I must again repeat, I do not know. Also this packet, with directions to put it into a dead man's bosom."

"And you are, I presume, equally ignorant of the party who gave it to you?"

"Equally so, your highness: as ignorant as I am of the party who desired me to pre-

sent you with the other packet which I delivered. Here is also a paper I was desired to pin upon a man's clothes after I had assassinated him."

"Indeed! and to this also you plead total ignorance?"

"I have but one answer to give to all, your highness, which is, I do not know."

"Perhaps, sir, you do not know your own name or profession," observed his highness, with a sneer.

"Yes, your highness," replied I, taking off my mask, "that I do know. I am an Englishman—and, I trust, a gentleman, and man of honour. My name is Herbert; and I have more than once had the honour to be a guest at your highness's entertainments."

"Signor, I recognise you," replied the grand duke. "Let the room be cleared. I must speak with this gentleman alone."

When the company had quitted the saloon I entered into a minute detail of the events of the evening, to which his highness paid the greatest attention; and when I had finished, the whole mystery was unravelled to me by him, and with which I will now satisfy the curiosity of my readers.

The grand duke had one daughter, by name Viola, whom he had wished to marry to Rodolph, Count of Istria; but Viola had met with Albert, Marquis of Salerno, and a mutual attachment had ensued. Although the grand duke would not force his daughter's wishes, and oblige her to marry Count Rodolph, at the same time he would not consent to her espousals with the Marquis Albert. Count Rodolph had discovered the intimacy between Viola and the Marquis of Salerno, and had made more than one unsuccessful attempt to get rid of his rival by assassination. After some time a private marriage with the marquis had been consented to by Viola—and a year afterwards, the Lady Viola retired to the country, and without the knowledge or even suspicions of her father, had given birth to a male child, which had been passed off as the offspring of one of the ladies of the court, who was married, and to whom the secret had been confided.

At this period, the secret societies, especially the *Carbonari*, had become formidable in Italy, and all the crowned heads and reigning princes were using every exertion to suppress them. Count Rodolph was at the head of these societies, having joined them to increase his power, and to have at his disposal the means of getting rid of his rival. Of this the Marquis of Salerno had received intimation, and for some time had been trying to obtain proof against the count; for he knew that if once it was proved, Count Rodolph would never be again permitted to appear in the State of Lucca. On the other hand, Count Rodolph

had been making every arrangement to get rid of his rival, and had determined that it should be effected at this masquerade.

The Marquis of Salerno had notice given him of this intention, and also had on that morning obtained the proof against Count Rodolph, which he was now determined to forward to the grand duke; but aware that his assassination by the *Carbonari* was to be attempted, and also that the wrath of the grand duke would be excessive when he was informed of their private marriage, he resolved to fly with his wife to Pisa, trusting that the proofs of Count Rodolph being connected with the *Carbonari*, and a little time, would soften down the grand duke's anger. The marquis had arranged that he should escape from the duke's dominions on the night of the masquerade, as it would be much easier for his wife to accompany him, than from the grand duke's palace, which was well guarded. But it was necessary that they should travel on horseback, and they could not take their child with them. Viola would not consent that it should be left behind, and on this emergency he had written to his friend the Count d'Ossore, to come to their assistance at the masquerade, and that they might recognise him, to wear a yellow domino, a colour but seldom put on. The Count d'Ossore had that morning left his town mansion on a hunting excursion, and did not receive the letter of which the marquis and Viola were ignorant. Such was the state of affairs at the time that I put on the yellow domino to go to the masquerade.

My first meeting with the marquis in his violet-coloured domino is easily understood. Being in a yellow domino, I was mistaken for the Count d'Ossore. I was myself led into it by the Marquis Albert having the same Christian name as my English friend. The second meeting with the Count Rodolph in the black domino, was accidental. The next walk had been appointed as the place of meeting with the *Carbonari* Felippo and his companions; but Count Rodolph perceiving me examining my stiletto by the light of the lamp, presumed that I was Felippo, and that I had mistaken the one path for the other which had been agreed upon. The papers given to me by Count Rodolph were *Carbonari* papers, which were to be hid in the marquis's bosom after he had been assassinated, to make it appear that he had belonged to that society; and by the paper affixed to his clothes, that he had been murdered by the agents of the society for having betrayed them. The papers which the marquis had requested me to give to the grand duke, were the proofs of Count Rodolph's belonging to the secret society; and with those papers was inclosed a letter to the grand duke, in which they acknowledged

their secret union. And now, I believe, the reader will comprehend the whole of this mysterious affair.

After all had been explained, I ventured to ask his highness if he would permit me to fulfil my promise by taking the child to its mother, as I considered it a point of honour that I should keep my engagement the more so, as the delay would occasion the greatest distress to his daughter; and I ventured to add, that I trusted his highness would pardon what could not now be remedied, and that I should have the satisfaction of being the bearer of such pleasing intelligence to his daughter and the marquis.

The grand duke paced the room for a minute, and then replied—"Signor Herbert, I feel so disgusted with the treachery and baseness of Count Rodolph, that I hardly need observe if my daughter were free, he never should espouse her; indeed, he will have immediate orders to quit the state. You have been instrumental in preserving the life of the Marquis of Salerno, who is my son in law; and as matters now stand, I am indebted to you. Your dismissal of the Bravos, by means of the count's ring, was a masterly stroke. You shall have the pleasure of taking my forgiveness to my daughter and her husband; but as for the child, it may as well remain here. Tell Viola, I retain it as a hostage for the quick return of its mother."

I took my leave of his highness, and hastened to Pisa, where I soon found out the retreat of the marquis and his wife. I sent up my name, requesting immediate admittance, as having a message from the grand duke. I found them in great distress.

The Count d'Ossore had returned late on the night of the masquerade, found the letter, hastened to the Marchesa's Palazzo, and had arrived just after the elopement had been discovered. He immediately followed them to Pisa, when an explanation took place, and they discovered that they had been communicating with some unknown person, by whom they had, in all probability, been betrayed.

It would be difficult to portray their astonishment and joy when I entered into a detail of what had occurred, and wound up with the message from the grand duke; and I hardly need add, now that I wind up my story, that the proofs of gratitude I received from the marquis and his wife during my subsequent residence in Italy, left me no occasion to repent that I had gone to the masquerade of the Marchesa de Cesto, in a Yellow Domino.

## The Public Journals.

### SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LEGENDS OF THE TORRY ISLANDERS.

TORRY ISLAND, situated on the north-west coast of Ireland, is probably the least known of any of her Majesty's European possessions. Although so near the main, the communication is difficult and infrequent. The island has but one landing place, and that can only be entered with leading winds, while, during the prevalence of the others, it is totally unapproachable.

Within the memory of people still alive, the natives of Torry were idolaters. They were ushered into life, and quitted it for the grave, without either rite or ceremony. Marriage was, *a la Martineau*, nothing but "a civil contract," and their notions of the Deity rude and untutored as Kamschatdales, or New Zealanders. Latterly, priests from the main have occasionally landed on the island, and there introduced the formulæ of religion; but visits dependent on winds and waves are "few and far between," and the state of Torry may still be termed more than demi-savage. When some adventurous beadsman ventures on a clerical descent, during his brief sojourn he finds that his office is no sinecure: children are to be christened by the score; and couples, who took each other's words, to be married by the dozen. During the long interregnum, a large arrear of omitted ceremonies has accrued, and the daring clerk returns from this "ultima Thule" a weary if not a wiser man.

Nothing can be more wretched than the appearance of the island and its inhabitants: the one, cold, barren, and uncultivated; the other, ugly, dwarfish, and ill shapen. The hovels are filthy to a degree; and all within and about Torry is so sterile and inhospitable, that a dread of being wind-bound deters even the hardest mariner from approaching its rock-bound shores.

That "holy men" should venture among the Heathen, is, as it ought to be; and that *savans* will go desperate lengths to obtain bones, oyster-shells, and other valuable commodities, is equally true. For spiritual and scientific Quixotes, Torry opens an untried field; and any philosopher who can digest dog-fish, and possesses a skin impervious to entomological assaults, may here discover unknown treasures: none having yet been found—for none have sought them.

It was, probably, expectations such as these that induced the late Sir Charles Geissecke to visit this unfrequented island. Whether his geological discoveries compensated his bodily sufferings, the gentleman who perpetrated his biography leaves a scientific mystery. Certain it is, that in after-life the worthy knight never touched upon this por-

tion of his wanderings without shuddering at the recollection.

Three days he sojourned among the aborigines, and three nights he sheltered in the chief man's hovel. He left Ards House\* in good spirits, and fat as a philosopher should be; and when he returned, his own dog, had he possessed one, would not have recognised his luckless owner. He came out a walking skeleton, and the ablutions he underwent would have tried the patience of a Mussulman. He had lost sleep; well, that could be made up for. He lost condition; that too might be restored. But to lose hair, to be clipped like a recruit, and have his garments burned at the point of a pitchfork,—these indeed would daunt the courage of the most daring entomologist.

Pat Hegarty, the knight's guide, used to recount the sufferings they underwent. Their afflictions by day were bad enough; but these were nothing compared to their nocturnal visitations. "My! what a place for fleas!" said an English *femme de chambre* who happened to be an accidental listener. "How numerous they must have been!"

"Numerous!" exclaimed the guide, "*mon d'iaoul*, if they had only pulled together, they would have dragged me out of bed!"

Since the knight's excursion, Torry has been more frequently visited. In executing the Ordnance survey, a party of Sappers and Miners were encamped upon the island, and the engineer officer in command amused many of his solitary hours by collecting traditional tales from the narration of an old man, who was far more intelligent than the rest of the inhabitants. The two foregoing legends were taken from the patriarch's lips, and they afford an additional proof of that fondness which man, in his savage state, ever evinces for traditions that are wonderful and wild.

[The following is a specimen of the legendary lore.]

#### *Legend of the Church of the Seven.*

AFTER a dreadful tempest, seven dead bodies, six of which were male and one female, were found upon the western shore of the island, with a stone curragh and paddle beside them: both the latter had been broken against the rocks. The inhabitants speedily collected, and a consultation took place as to the manner in which the bodies of the unknown strangers should be disposed of. The opinions of the islanders were divided: some proposed that they should be interred, others contended that they should be committed to the waves again; but it was unanimously resolved, that on no account should they be buried in the churchyard, as they might not have been

\* Ards is situated on the main, near the wild promontory of Horn Head, and is the seat of the Stewart family.

true Catholics. To bury was the final determination. A grave was accordingly prepared, the seven corpses were indiscriminately thrown in, and the trench closed up.

Next morning to the great surprise of the islanders, the body of the female was found separated from those of her unfortunate companions, and lying on the surface of the ground. It was believed that the lady had been disinterred by that party who had opposed the bodies being buried on the island, and the corpse was once more returned to its kindred clay, and the grave securely filled up.

The second morning came, and great was the astonishment of the inhabitants when it was ascertained that the same occurrence had taken place, and the grave had surrendered its dead. The body was inhumed once more, and, to guard against trickery, and secure the corpse from being disturbed, a watch was placed around the grave.

But when the day-light broke on the third morning, lo! the body of the unknown had again burst its cerements, and lay once more upon the surface of the ground. The vigilance of the guard had proved unavailing, and the consternation of the islanders was unbounded. A grand conclave assembled, and, after much consideration and debate, it was decided that the departed female had been a *religieuse*; and, that as she had eschewed all communion with the coarser sex while living, so, true to her vows, even after death she had evaded the society of man. Believing her to be a gentlewoman of extra holiness, who had departed "in the pride of her purity," it was shrewdly conjectured that there was nothing to prevent her from working miracles. The sick were accordingly brought forward, and a touch from the blessed finger of the defunct nun—for such she proved—removed every malady the flesh is heir to, and left the island without an invalid. To atone for the irreverential mode in which the lady had been treated on former occasions, a magnificent funeral was decreed her; a stone monument was erected over the sainted remains; and, that posterity should not be excluded from the virtues of her clay, an opening was left in the south side of the tomb, whence the faithful could obtain a portion of her ashes, and the sick be cured of their ailments. It being considered that one so particular after death would not, when alive, have ventured upon sea with any but the servants of religion, the other six bodies were honourably interred, and a tomb raised to their memory, while the "Church of the Seven" was built to their joint honour, and dedicated to the whole.

To this day the sanctity of the lady's grave remains unimpaired. The ashes retain their virtue; the pious resort thither to pray, the sick to procure relief from their sufferings.

When it is necessary to obtain the holy dust for devout or medicinal purposes, application is made to the oldest member of a particular family, who have enjoyed from time immemorial, the blessed privilege of dispensing the saint's clay. The name of the family is Doogan; and the reason why this high prerogative rests with this favoured lineage is, because their ancestors were the first converts of St. Columb Kill, and the first of the islanders who received baptism at his hands.—*Metropolitan.*

### New Books.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
VOL. V.

[We resume our anecdotal extracts.]

#### Constable the Publisher.

FOR reasons connected with the affairs of the Ballantynes, Messrs. Longman published the first edition of the *Monastery*; and similar circumstances induced Sir Walter to associate this house with that of Constable in the succeeding novel. Constable disliked its title, and would fain have had the *Nunnery* instead: but Scott stuck to his *Abbot*. The bookseller grumbled a little, but was soothed by the author's reception of his request that Queen Elizabeth might be brought into the field in his next romance, as a companion to the Mary Stuart of the *Abbot*. Scott would not indeed indulge him with the choice of the particular period of Elizabeth's reign, indicated in the proposed title of *The Armada*; but expressed his willingness to take up his own old favourite, the legend of Meikle's ballad. He wished to call the novel, like the ballad, *Cumnor-hall*, but in further deference to Constable's wishes, substituted "Kenilworth." John Ballantyne objected to this title, and told Constable the result would be "something worthy of the kennel;" but Constable had all reason to be satisfied with the child of his christening. His partner, Mr. Cadell, says—"his vanity boiled over so much at this time, on having his suggestion gone into, that when in his high moods he used to stalk up and down his room, and exclaim, 'By Jove, I am all but the author of the Waverley Novels!'" Constable's bibliographical knowledge, however, it is but fair to say, was really of most essential service to Scott upon many of these occasions; and his letter (now before me) proposing the subject of *The Armada*, furnished the Novelist with such a catalogue of Materials for the illustration of the period as may, probably enough, have called forth some very energetic expression of thankfulness.

#### Scott at the Coronation of George IV.

At the close of this brilliant scene, Scott received a mark of homage to his genius which delighted him not less than Laird

Nippy's reverence for the *Sheriff's Knoll*, and the Birmingham cutler's dear acquisition of his signature on a visiting ticket. Missing his carriage, he had to return home on foot from Westminster, after the banquet—that is to say, between two and three o'clock in the morning;—when he and a young gentleman his companion found themselves locked in the crowd, somewhere near Whitehall, and the bustle and tumult were such that his friend was afraid some accident might happen to the lame limb. A space for the dignitaries was kept clear at that point by the Scots Greys. Sir Walter addressed a sergeant of this celebrated regiment, begging to be allowed to pass by him into the open ground in the middle of the street. The man answered shortly that his orders were strict—that the thing was impossible. While he was endeavouring to persuade the sergeant to relent, some new wave of turbulence approached from behind, and his young companion exclaimed in a loud voice, "Take care, Sir Walter Scott, take care!" The stalwart dragoon, on hearing the name, said, "What! Sir Walter Scott! He shall get through anyhow!" He then addressed the soldiers near him—"Make room, men, for Sir Walter Scott, our illustrious countryman!" The men answered, "Sir Walter Scott!—God bless him!"—and he was in a moment within the guarded line of safety.

#### Chantrey's Bust of Scott.

Sir F. Chantrey presented the original bust to Sir Walter himself; by whose remotest descendants it will undoubtedly be held in additional honour on that account. The poet had the further gratification of learning that three copies were executed in marble before the original quitted the studio: One for Windsor Castle—a second for Apsley House—and a third for the friendly sculptor's own private collection. The *legitimate* casts of this bust have since been multiplied beyond perhaps any example whatever. Mr. Cunningham remembers not fewer than fifteen hundred of them (price four guineas each) being ordered for exportation—chiefly to the United States of America—within one year. Of the myriads, or rather millions, of inferior copies manufactured and distributed by unauthorized persons, it would be in vain to attempt any calculation.

#### The Countess of Purgstall.

As I may have no occasion hereafter to allude to the early friend with whose sorrows Scott thus sympathized amidst the meridian splendours of his own worldly career, I may take this opportunity of mentioning, that Captain Basil Hall's conjecture of her, having been the original of Diana Vernon, appeared to myself from the first chimerical; and that I have since heard those who knew her best in the days of her intercourse with Sir Walter

express the manner.

I well  
gan the  
destined  
botsford  
Terry (w  
time) wa  
ter-maso  
fatherly  
the plan  
siderable  
While  
came ou  
M.S. in  
I've laid  
ing—he  
let me  
the pape  
river, re  
He expr  
opening  
between  
a chapte  
the thin  
been gi  
morning  
to the S  
here th  
for the  
when c  
haugh,  
that th  
Sir W  
his ha  
which  
mock  
into ar  
out in  
loftiest  
"Co  
In N  
Agai  
This  
• T  
not en  
humor  
turnin  
valuab  
and in  
most

Of  
Her  
Shes  
the l  
Bees  
ham  
over  
thou  
assu  
othe



express the same opinion in the most decided manner.

### *The Fortunes of Nigel.*

I well remember the morning that he began the Fortunes of Nigel. The day being destined for Newark Hill, I went over to Abbotford before breakfast, and found Mr. Terry (who had been staying there for some time) walking about with his friend's master-mason, of whose proceedings he took a fatherly charge, as he might well do, since the plan of the building had been in a considerable measure, the work of his own taste. While Terry and I were chatting, Scott came out, bare headed, with a bunch of M.S. in his hand, and said, "Well, lads, I've laid the keel of a new lugger this morning—here it is—be off to the water-side, and let me here how you like it." Terry took the papers, and walking up and down by the river, read to me the first chapter of Nigel. He expressed great delight with the animated opening, and especially with the contrast between its thorough stir of London life, and a chapter about Norma of the Fitful-Head, in the third volume of the Pirate, which had been given to him in a similar manner, the morning before. I could see that (according to the Sheriff's phrase) *he smelt roast meat*; here there was every prospect of a fine field for the art of *Terryfication*. The actor, when our host met us returning from the haugh, did not fail to express his opinion that the new novel would be of this quality. Sir Walter, as he took the manuscript from his hand, eyed him with a gay smile, in which genuine benevolence mingled with mock exultation, and then throwing himself into an attitude of comical dignity, he rolled out in the tones of John Kemble, one of the loftiest bursts of Ben Jonson's Mammon—

"Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore  
In *Novo orbe*—

Pertinax, my Surly,\*  
Again I say to thee aloud, Be rich,  
This day thou shalt have ingots!"—

\* The fun of this application of "my Surly," will not escape any one who remembers the kind and good-humoured Terry's power of assuming a peculiarly saturnine aspect. This queer grimness of look was invaluable to the comedian in several of his best parts; and in private he often called it up when his heart was most cheerful.

### *The Gatherer.*

*Odd Names.*—Among the crew on board Her Majesty's ship Howe, now lying off Sheerness, there are four men of colour with the following singular names, viz.:—*Spruce Beer, Bottle of Beer, Black Jim, and Abraham Virgin*. On these names being called over before the Port Admiral, he, at first, thought they were nicknames; but he was assured that the men were not known by any other.

D. H.

*Juan Fernandez.*—This celebrated island, (which the *West Indian* newspaper cruelly *sunk* a few months since,) "has been taken by an American citizen, on a long lease from the Chilean government. The island formerly served as a place of exile for criminals condemned to transportation; but the expenses of the establishment, and the increasing number of prisoners, determined the government to abandon it. The present possessor is about to emigrate thither himself, carrying with him 100 or 200 families from the Sandwich Islands, with the intention of cultivating it, and rearing cattle on it."—*Times*.

*Inscription* on a stone, ornamented with a neatly-embossed cabbage, in Comb Raleigh churchyard, Devonshire.

"List! list! O list!

"Beneath this stone, at the depth of three yards, lies the worn-out *sartout* of Robert Miller, *tailor*. It was his earnest and dying request, that *measures* might be taken for the *remnants* of eight *tailors* more to be deposited in his *helf*, that at the awful sound of the last trumpet he might rise a perfect man. His favourite dish was roasted *goose*, on which he subsisted till he arrived at a good old age, when Death, that grim, relentless *master tailor*, with his fatal *shears* cut the *thread* of his existence. Requiescat in pace!"

The extraordinary demand for the *Times* newspaper, describing the Queen's visit, was so great as to give rise to several curious calculations, which may be interesting to our readers. Most persons are by this time acquainted with the system of printing by steam, and are aware that the paper is conveyed round the cylinder by means of tapes: of these, in the machines used in printing the *Times*, there are about 300, and each of them has been calculated, on an average, to have run, on the occasion alluded to, forty miles, making a sum total of "tape-traveling," for one publication, of 12,000 miles! The papers issued from the *Times* office on the Friday morning, if joined together lengthways, would extend to twenty-one miles and a-half; or, spread in a square, would cover eight acres of ground. The weight of the paper used was nearly two tons and a-half. The whole of this immense mass of printed paper (within a trifle), though filled almost entirely with accounts of what had transpired on the preceding day and night, had been all delivered from the office for distribution to the public on the succeeding morning, between the hours of six and twelve.—*Times*.

*Sir Walter Raleigh's House.*—The house of this celebrated man is still standing at Youghal, as built and occupied by himself, in a state of perfect preservation. It is like the town, built close to the sea, and is remarkable for the beautiful carvings on its oak panel wainscoting, particularly a carved

chimney piece—a favourite household decoration in that age, of which there were, until within some few years past, similar specimens in one or two of the houses of Long Island, near New York. It was at Youghal that Sir Walter first planted the potato, and made the blunder of boiling the potato apples instead of the roots.

*Valuable Discovery.*—A highly useful discovery has been made in Paris by a French gentleman, named Durios; namely, of a process by which linens, woollens, and even the finest muslins, may be rendered fire-proof. It appears that he has exhibited the wonders of his discovery to a number of the scientific gentlemen who witnessed gauzes and muslins pass through the ordeal of a fierce fire without being in the slightest degree burnt or injured. It does not appear that he has divulged the secret of the process to which they had been submitted.

*A Benevolent Singer.*—The principal singer of the great theatre at Lyons, one day, lately, observed a poor woman begging in the street. Her decent and respectable appearance in the midst of extreme poverty, interested the kind-hearted vocalist. He desired the poor woman to follow him into the Place Bellcour, where, placing himself in a corner, with his back to the wall, his head covered with his handkerchief, and his hat at his feet, he began to sing his most favourite opera airs. The beauty of his voice drew a crowd round him; the idea of some mystery stimulated the generosity of the Ly-standers, and five-franc pieces fell in showers into the hat. When the singer, who had thus in the goodness of his heart transformed himself into a street-singer, thought he had got enough, he took the hat, emptied its contents into the apron of the poor woman, who stood motionless with amazement and happiness, and disappeared among the crowd; his talent, however, betrayed him, though his face was concealed; the story spread, and the next evening, when he appeared on the stage, shouts of applause from all parts of the house proved (says the French Journalist) that a good action is never thrown away.—*Musical World.*

*Napoleon's Sacrifice of Human Life.*—Never was there a conqueror who fired more cannon, fought more battles, or overthrew more thrones, than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quality of his glory without weighing the means he possessed, and the results which he accomplished. Enough for our present purpose will be gained, if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood which he called into play, from the rupture of the peace of Amiens in 1804, down to his eventful exit. At that time he had, as he declared to Lord Whitworth, an army on foot of 480,000 men. (Here follows a detail of the different levies

made from 1804 till 1814. Total of men, 2,965,965.) This detail, which is derived from Napoleon's official Journal, the *Moniteur*, under the several dates, is deficient in the excess which was raised beyond the levies; but even if we deduct the casualties as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1815, we shall be much under the mark in affirming that he slaughtered two millions and a half of human beings, and these all Frenchmen. But we have yet to add the thousands and tens of thousands of Germans, Swiss, Poles, Italians, Neapolitans, and Illyrians, whom he forced under his eagles; and, at a moderate computation, these cannot fall short of half a million. It is obviously just to assume, that the number who fell on the side of his adversaries was equal to that against which they were brought. Here then are our data for asserting that the latter years of his glory were purchased at no less an expense than six million human lives. This horrible inroad on the fairest portion of the population of Europe resulted in the abandonment of every conquered territory; the bringing of foreign enemies, twice within four and twenty months, under the walls of Paris; and the erasure of his name from the records of dominion.—*Paris Paper.*

*Emigration.*—The Quebec papers give the following periodical document on the subject of emigration:—From the beginning of the year up to the 8th of June, 264 vessels—for the like period of last year, 406 vessels. This year, 4,191 passengers—and for the like period last year 7,917 passengers. Thus for that period there were 142 more vessels and 3,726 more passengers than this year, which is a very remarkable falling off in the emigration from this country to British America. These papers do not enter into any explanation of a circumstance which is very remarkable, and on which some light ought to be thrown.—*Dublin General Advertiser.*

*The City Banquet.*—Her Majesty partook only of turtle soup and roasted mutton; wines, sherry and claret. The Duchess of Gloucester did not partake of any dish at table.

### The Queen's Visit to the City.

Now publishing, price 6s.

A SUPPLEMENTARY PART of the MIRROR.

Containing

Three Folio Engravings,

And an accurate Description of the PAGEANT and BANQUET.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris.—In FRANKFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.